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**\* WHERE BROADWAY MEETS THE MOUNTAINS—A \***  
**\* MOVING PICTURE STORY OF THE WEST \***  
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\* Illustrated by Films Made by the American Film Manufactur-  
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When Broadway meets the mountain there's likely to be some fiction. For the Great White Way and the way of the high country do not precisely jibe. They run largely counter to each other with only occasional points of contact where they don't scratch each other like a pair of rat-tail files.



Thus it was that John Newcomb of Broadway and Mary Cutter of the mountain, being the exception to the rule, managed to find pleasure in each other's company, while John and his friends, and Mary's friends, representing the rat-tail file elements, ran amuck and came near getting somebody's hanged.

John, who had gone to the mountain to finish off his new play that was to be produced on Broadway in the fall, after due infiction on the dog, couldn't help meeting Mary, for Mary was the daughter of the milkman who supplied the Wayside hotel with milk. Furthermore, he couldn't help falling in love with her, for

"John began to devote most of his time to teaching the leading lady her lines."

Mary was straight as a birch sapling, sweet as the mountain air she had breathed all her life and innocent as dawn.

But John was a long time finding out that he loved Mary.

As for Mary, she knew right off that she was in love with John. She fell heels over head down a steep precipice of love the first time she ever saw the handsome playwright from New York.

Then came the company. That is to say, the folks who were to play in John's new play, who came up to the mountains to study their parts and do their preliminary rehearsing.